

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SECOND SUNDAY OF LENT

INSISTENCE IN PRAYER

"O woman, great is thy faith; be it done to thee as thou wilt." (Matt. xv. 28.) At the beginning of Lent, my dear brethren, we naturally expect to find our Blessed Lord adapting His lessons to poor sinners. And in the Gospel narrative from which the text is taken we find a most wonderful example of this. St. Matthew tells us that Jesus "retired into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And behold a woman of Canaan who came out of those coasts, crying out, said to Him, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David: my daughter is grievously troubled by a devil. Who answered her not a word. And His disciples came and besought Him, saying: Send her away, for she crieth after us; And He answering said: I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel. But she came and adored Him, saying: Lord, help me. Who answering, said: It is not good to take the bread of the children, and to cast it to dogs. But she said: Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters. Then Jesus answering, said to her: O woman, great is thy faith: be it done to thee as thou wilt: and her daughter was cured from that hour." (Matt. xv. 21-28.) Let us thank God for this example of the poor outcast woman, and how her prayer, her insistence in prayer, overcame our Lord, and He worked the miracle she needed.

This gentle woman, "as soon as she had heard of Him," says St. Mark (vii. 25), fell down at His feet and besought Him. Notice the repulse, my dear brethren; our hearts have been benumbed at the same. "Who answered her not a word." How many would have given up the quest, crushed and hurt! But that was not all. The disciples actually came and besought Him to send her away. They were Jews; she was a Gentile. And our Blessed Lord seemed to agree with them, for He said: "I was not sent to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel." The sheep! Then what was she and her daughter? Oh! our Lord was soon to tell her, and that even after her next humble, abject appeal. She adored Him, and said: "Lord, help me." Who answering said: "It is not good to take the bread of the children and cast it to dogs." What humility! what faith! She took the word "dogs" without resentment, without discouragement, and again pressed her petition on the very ground of being a dog! "Yea, Lord, for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters."

What could withstand such humility? The lesson was ended, our Lord was overcome, and from His Sacred Heart, no longer hiding its love and tenderness, came forth that blessed answer: "O woman, great is thy faith; be it done to thee as thou wilt." For this saying, go thy way," as St. Mark puts it (verse 29). When a victory had won, because she had prayed faithfully, humbly, fervently, patiently!

My dear brethren, every one of us has need to learn this lesson—how to pray—for our soul is afflicted as her daughter was, "grievously troubled by the devil." There are not only our past sins, which we have repeated so often that we may well doubt our past repentances, but the sins which even now perhaps cry against our souls. Then there are the evil effects of our sinful life, our proneness to evil, our weaknesses, our unruly passions—for we do not the things that we would—our bad companions, evil surroundings, the sinful habits, which make us realize that we are slaves indeed. Who can free us from all this? Where is the power and strength to come from, but from that outraged Saviour Whom we have sinned against so often? How has His kindness and His mercy been repaid? By relapses, perhaps more frequent relapses into sin, greater carelessness and laxity, more self-indulgence and less prayers.

No wonder, then, that God, to force us to be more in earnest, more humble and fearful, so sometimes seems to heed us not. And He answers us not a word. Not all the time the loving Jesus is anxious lest we abandon our good purpose of repenting, and His grace secretly strengthens us for another appeal. Perhaps He has to repulse us once again, knowing that if our prayer was heard so easily and so soon our efforts would relax, and once more we should fall. Our prayer, then, must be all the more insistent and our soul all the more humbled under the Lord's silence and delay.

Has God ever been to us as hard, as cruelly hard, as our Blessed Lord seemed to be to this poor woman? My dear brethren, outwardly He repulsed, inwardly He attracted her by His Divine grace to persevere in her prayer. Human nature could not have borne it and answered as she did. It was all to teach us how to pray. If God does delay, and is silent, and passes us by, and permits us to be misadvised and spoken of cruelly, it is all for some good and loving purpose. We are dear to Him, and He wants us to be worthy of His love. The more humble and patient our prayer, the more pleasing we shall be to Him. If we have to wait for the crumbs that fall from the table where others can be fed, let us not be envious and murmur. We deserve it for our sins, and if we take it humbly and meekly, and still continue praying, one crumb from the table of the Lord, with His bless-

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ing, can comfort us, strengthen us, and reward us for all the prayers we have persevered in humbly, fervently, patiently.

ST. PATRICK THE APOSTLE

Festivities in honor of St. Patrick have come to have a peculiar double character. They are religious and they are at the same time political. They are an expression of veneration for a great and saintly apostle of the Christian religion and they are a plea for justice by a liberty-loving people. It is because the Irish people have remained faithful to the creed imparted to them by Patrick that they have found it necessary to raise their voices century after century in protest against oppression and tyranny, and their fidelity to conscience and conviction, their courage and patience in the face of age-long cruelty and inhuman wrongs, have made of their cause the cause of liberty-loving people everywhere. In every land where the children of St. Patrick assemble to do honor to their national Saint, generous hearts have been won to their cause, and the case of Ireland has become the classical example of what unbridled autocracy can inflict on a small and weak nation.

The people of Ireland have a just reason for their pride in St. Patrick and good ground for whatever they may do to honor his name. Much as they may glory in the merits and the achievements of their Celtic ancestors and in the civilization which had been developed on the soil of Ireland under the impulse of native genius, it is to Patrick and to him alone that they owe the faith which has been the center of their national life and the source of the blessings they have enjoyed during fifteen centuries of troubled history. It is needless to raise the question whether Ireland had missionaries before the coming of St. Patrick, or to speculate on what country had the honor of giving him birth; one supreme fact alone is sufficient when discussing his life: he made Ireland Christian. Like St. Paul listening to the voice from Macedonia, St. Patrick heard the voice calling him to Ireland. He obeyed the summons and gave his life to the country and its people. Night and day he toiled and prayed, and with unwearied footsteps he traveled to and fro. The harvest that came up under his hands was great and rich. Never in the history of missionary labor was the work of an apostle crowned with such success as that of St. Patrick. So thorough was the doctrine he preached because interwoven with the lives of converts and so deeply did Christian truth take possession of their souls that there is no exaggeration in calling the people of Ireland Patrick's people.

The great African apologist, Tertullian, taunted the Romans with the facility of persecution and reminded them that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" that the red streams flowing out on the sands of the arena under the teeth of the lion or the sword of the executioner would produce new harvests of witnesses who would gladly face death to prove the sincerity of their faith in Christ. The religion which the people of Ireland received from Patrick was not purchased with the groans of martyrs nor the tears of exiles. Before the fiery zeal of Patrick boldly proclaiming the truth to kings and people, paganism vanished and the whole nation bent its neck to receive the

sweet yoke of Christ. A race of warriors and soldiers whose history had been red with conflict surrendered to a Christian priest, a people hopelessly divided by tribal wars and tribal customs united in adoration of the God-made man. In the course of his missionary career Patrick witnessed this transformation. He found Ireland pagan and he left it Christian. Until the coming of Patrick the energies of the people had been wasted in war and bloodshed; they had craved for independence; they had opposed a centralized government, to their own detriment, because it seemed to curtail the autonomy of the clan; but the ambitions, tribal or national, were ever allowed to interfere with their full allegiance to God and to religion. All their energies and their resources were hence forward devoted to the practice and defense of religion. They did not cease to love country because they were on fire with love for Christ. They were ever ready to lay down their lives in the cause of liberty; but they were even more ready to abandon liberty and to abandon country for the love of Christ.

These two motives are the well-springs of all Ireland from the time of Patrick to the present. Though weakened by civil wars and domestic dissensions, the Irish people would not submit to subjugation by a foreign foe. They succeeded in throwing off the yoke of the Norsemen and they have never submitted to the domination of their more powerful neighbors since the first Anglo-Norman invasion. Ireland had its period of glory after its peaceful submission to the teachings of Patrick. For a time its churches and its schools were the pride of Western Christendom. Students and scholars flocked to Ireland as the home of sanctity and learning, while men of Ireland became the spiritual and intellectual leaders and masters of the continent. No feet were more tireless in carrying the news of the gospel to people who were yet oppressed with the darkness of paganism, and no minds were more active in the cause of science and learning than those of the Irish missionary and the Irish scholar.

With all her science and all her holiness, Ireland was not saved from sorrow and oppression. The foreigner invaded her shores and the struggle to decide who is master in Ireland is still, after centuries of bitter strife, undecided. The command went forth from the invader that the people should surrender their faith, that they should abandon their religion of Patrick, and what four hundred years of oppression could not do was accomplished by that order. The people united in defense of their religion. They stood shoulder to shoulder under the banner of the cross. The cause of Ireland thus became a sacred cause, the defense of her liberties a holy war. What was most sacred in religion became synonymous with what was most glorious in patriotism. To love religion meant to love country, to die in the defense of liberty was to die for God. To the eternal credit of the people of Ireland be it said that they did not weaken under the trial. The essential elements of the conflict were defined through long suffering with a clearness that admits of no doubt, and the claims of Ireland to self-government have been reinforced by centuries of opposition to unjust domination. While the other nations in Western Europe were being made subject to absolutistic forms of government and were yielding obedience to their despots, benevolent and otherwise, Ireland never ceased to profess its faith in those liberal principles which have become the object of all political striving at the present. With a consistency that is all the more remarkable because it has no parallel, the people of Ireland have voiced demands through the centuries which have now become the ideals of progressive international policy and diplomacy.

It was because the people of Ireland submitted so completely to the teachings of St. Patrick that they clung so desperately to the cause of liberty, for where it is not in the gospel is true liberty to be found? It is for this reason that St. Patrick is more than an Irish saint. The people who through his labors were prepared to be missionaries of the Cross, and who have carried the faith of Christ all over the globe, were at the same time and in their own persons living exponents of those principles of civil equality and political liberty which alone can insure peace and progress. To add to the glories of St. Patrick was to call attention to the wrongs of those who clung to what he taught. To speak of the case of Ireland was to direct attention to the condition of oppressed people everywhere. In addition to being apostles of religion and liberty, the children of St. Patrick were also apostles of the spirit of tolerance which the modern world holds in such esteem. The people to whom St. Patrick preached did not persecute him because he announced a faith and religion different from theirs. They opened their minds and their hearts, and because he preached what was true they believed. The tenacity to which they have clung to what they believe through centuries has not changed the Irish people. They refused so consistently to attempt to impose their beliefs on others as they did to surrender their beliefs at the command of others.

This is the significance of the celebration of the festival in honor of St. Patrick. It is primarily and pre-eminently a religious festival; it is a reminder of the greatness and the glory of a Christian apostle, and a Christian bishop; but it is at the

same time a reminder of the greatness and the sorrows of a people who still suffer because of their fidelity to the teaching of Patrick. The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is not exclusively a religious celebration. It is a reminder that a race can be made the bearers of a message of salvation, and that they can at the same time be made the witnesses to the fact that no nation can be destroyed provided that it does not cease to love liberty.—Very Rev. Patrick J. Healy, D. D. in The Missionary.

A MESSAGE FROM ERIN

Noreen Mavourneen! Afar o'er the ocean I'm sending a message, acushla, to you— A bunch of green shamrocks, They'll speak of devotion, And tell how fond hearts are still tender and true. Noreen Mavourneen! The turf that surrounds them Was dug from the vale the sweet Shannon doth lave, Where lieth Mayola, Your friend and my sister— These shamrocks, acushla, I plucked from her grave.

Noreen Mavourneen! They'll mind you of Erin, Of emerald vales and of skies deepest blue, Of beautiful colleens And gorgeous meadows, And fond, faithful friends who are longing for you.

Noreen Mavourneen! They'll mind you, my own one, Of that happy morning so long ago, When vales were bright smiling, And white thorns were blooming, And skies rivalled beauty of spring-time below.

Noreen Mavourneen! 'Twas then that you promised To come back again to old Erin And to me, I'm waiting, acushla, The fond heart then spoken For you ever sacred and faithful will be.

The springtime is calling My colleen to Erin And sweet Saint Mayola is praying for you, A "Caped mille failithe," Alanna, awaits you, These shamrocks will whisper how perfect and true.

—KATHLEEN A. SULLIVAN

FOCH AS A YOUTH IN SEDAN

It was the early fall of 1870. Along a road of northern France that led out from the old fortress of Sedan, an open carriage passed. Before it rode a guard, helmeted, with shining arms and gayly pennanted lances. Behind it rode officers in French uniforms. Again, farther in the rear, steel helmeted Prussian hussars, clattering in solid array.

In the carriage thus guarded sat Napoleon III., Emperor of France. It was going to meet the King of Prussia at Chateau Bellevue, to surrender his sword and his armies the Boston Globe recalls. Great physical suffering was written upon his face, the deep lines telling of a grievous illness which was fast bringing him to the grave. But the mental suffering of the day was greater.

Following by the officers of his staff, Napoleon III. entered the saloon of the chateau, where the Prussian leaders awaited him. The German officers arose courteously to custom dictated, and stood at attention as the Emperor faced them. The King of Prussia alone remained seated. Arrogantly, he looked upon the man whose honored guest he had been in Paris not long before.

Bent with pain, Napoleon III. drew his blade, and presented the hilt. "Sire, here is my sword," he said. "I take it," the churlish Prussian answered. "Then he added, I give it back to you." The officers of the Emperor's staff drew deep breaths, and their eyes flashed fire. It was the tone of the speech that stung them.

"He clearly meant, 'I'll take care of you,'" said one of the Emperor's staff, years afterward. The officer was almost a boy at the time of the surrender, fresh from St. Cyr, the West Point of France. Into his impressionable heart the scene at Chateau Bellevue burned itself. He never forgot it, nor the words of the Prussian King. The King was the grandfather of William Hohenzollern, former Kaiser of Germany. The fall of 1918.

REVENGE COMES AT LAST The Germans are met with every courtesy. French officers enter their cars to guide them over the dark roads until Chateau Frankfort, in the forest of Compiègne, is reached. There a stop is made for the night. And the next day they move to Senlis, there, in a railway car, sits the maker of history. Searchlights play upon a crossroads not far from Sedan. Into the zone of light, three limousines come creeping, under white flags egation seeking armistice. As the Germans enter the car, he rises to meet them. "What do you wish, gentlemen?" His voice is tense but calm. "We have come, Marshal, to arrange terms of an armistice." His reply we do not know. It may have been:

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"The terms, gentlemen, already was arranged. Then he reads to them the program agreed upon by the Allies. No more crushing ultimatum ever had been delivered to a power by its triumphant enemies. As he read there was no tone of exultation in the voice of this wiry, silver-haired man. There was no attempt at vain triumphing. But way down in his heart, was stamped the burning picture of another surrender, when he had stood among the vanquished. For the man who read to Germany the terms of surrender which she must accept and the freshly commissioned cadet of the Emperor's staff was the same Ferdinand Foch, today a Marshal of the Allied armies.

FOCH'S WATCHWORD FOR FIFTY YEARS The first picture, that of Chateau Bellevue, was drawn by Foch himself many years ago, while chatting in a Paris Club with an old Bostonian who had resided in the French capital the last thirty years. The second might have been seen Saturday, November 9, at Foch's headquarters, near Compiègne.

Never had the hand of fate done its work better. For nearly fifty years the young officer who had witnessed the humiliating surrender at Sedan had been working to save France from another such scene. "Revanche" had been his watchword, the burning recollection the spur. He became professor in the military college and placed in the minds of his pupils the ideals that stood in his own.

Finally, came the great War. Many of the French officers, a whole generation of them, had been trained well. For four years, under the heaviest attacks known, the French stood like a wall. They had been pushed back. They had been defeated on many fields, but they had not lost heart. With the roar of German guns sounding at the gates of Paris last spring, there came a new hope. Foch, who had been almost forgotten by the many, was given the supreme command.

The schoolmaster was in the saddle. He began to act out his class-room theories. How well they worked out the world now knows. Never before had such a campaign

been fought. In four months victory was wrested from defeat, and the memory of the dark day of Sedan was wiped out at Senlis.—Brooklyn Tablet.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had cost the owner with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses. So I didn't buy it. I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid of the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravit" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people think about buying a Washing Machine as I wish quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.



But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to buy the horse. Now, I know what our "1000 Gravit" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a full tub of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1000 Gravit" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges are break buttons, the way all other machines do. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1000 Gravit" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1000 Gravit" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Gravit" Washer must be the best?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on water-worn soap. If you don't want the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it does, you'll pay for it out of what it saves you. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book on the "1000 Gravit" Washer that shows you how to use it, and how to get a washer to operate by hand, electric motor, or gas. Our "1000 Gravit" Washer is complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet. Better address me personally, C. H. Moore, "1000" Washer Company, 37 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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